Keep It Real

Lost Boyz

Yo believe I paid the dues man I started in the game
With my man's on Linden and Devane we drinking ghetto champagne
Slinging rocks and packing glocks on the blocks
It's early in the morning I'm selling tumbs from my Reeboks
Tres, nicks and dimes I write rhymes
But the ghetto times they got the cheeks doing crimes
The street life yeah that's the only life I know
Where sling rocks bust shots and push yeah yoSit on crates keep their backs against gates
Every man is insane he's got a brain like Norman Bates
Timberland boots ski hats we pack gats
Carry across town because we tapping niggas hoodrats
But they don't want the family
See a south side Jamaica Queen fellas get down man
Listen so what your crew is X rated
Peoples if you violate you getting violatedCome on and keep it real, this is saying
That the lost boy and group home fam want it all what would you do
And if you feel that you'se a real soldier from the street
Throw your hands in the air we salute you
Bounce it up town, bounce it down south
Bounce, bounce it up town, bounce it down southI had a messed up childhood the head is mad nappy
I need money in a snap gee kid
I'm trying to blow like Papi
Fat cat the street life is where it's at
Peeling caps so yo we got to stay strapped
Terrified 'cause the crew from the south side is bustin'
No question I keep my hear in braids, Taliq got dreads
Hangin' out in the reds wearing Levi's and Pro-KedsPouring beer on the curb for the dead
I had to bring drama to some powder head
Hey yo cut the music down
Yo half the world thought the album failed in this '94 and it's onI'm smoking weed in '96 with my peeps
Jetting from the police 'cause police they'se a bunch of creeps
I'm testing off the new burners in the park
We sleep during the day and creep when it's dark
I once had to cry when I seen Tyrone die
This black on black crime I cram to understand why
Baby girls having kids in their teens
Young fellows baggy jeans slinging crack to the crack fiendsThat's the type of lifestyle that I lead
With my fams on the corner drinking beers and smoking weed
Believe I been through all the struggles and the pain

I'm ripping out my hairs but I can't get to my brain
I want the gold teeth and chains
I hustle with Timberland boots and rainsuits when it rains
Fools make your moves pay dues
Give up your cheese you loose my baby boy need shoesStepping to the cheeks you made an error
You been to the house of pain now welcome to my yard of terror
What you think I'm some sucker?
Word to him I stomp you out with my tim chukkas
Who, who you stepping to the lost boy crew
Boy you stomped that ass is throughCome on and keep it real, this is saying
That the lost boy and group home fam want it all what would you do
And if you feel that you'se a real soldier from the street
Throw your hands in the air we salute you
Bounce it up town, bounce it down south
Bounce, bounce it up town, bounce it down southSee we live the street life
I smoking blunts with the wife stay on point like a
'Cause every day on Rockaway is getting hotter
I can't do what a wanna I do what I gotta
Survive I might not be around in '95
See I was taught young to be strong and just strive
So nowadays we packing guns
We racking grimy hills for funds and I stash all my sons monsA little man to look after
Taking rap as a joke but I see no laughter
To my man Charles Suitte and Big Tig
In Atlanta and V ACome on and keep it real, this is saying
That the lost boy and group home fam want it all what would you do
And if you feel that you'se a real soldier from the street
Throw your hands in the air we salute you
Bounce it up town, bounce it down south
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